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ally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. IV.—No. 154.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1887.

[ONE PENNY.]



ALLY'S EASTER MONDAY.

"I am beginning to mistrust my Father. Things lately have not been what they should be. A nice discovery was made on Easter Monday by Alexandry, who had excursionized to Gravesend for the day with William Higgins. There was Papa with some young person from the "Friv.," perriwinkling away to his heart's content, and behaving in a way that doesn't become the Head of a Distinguished House."—TOOTSIE

OUR BOYS' OWN BANK HOLIDAY.

Alexandry and Billiam go in for Real Sport during their 'Appy' Oliday on 'Ampstead' Eath.



1. "OH, LOR', TELL 'EM TO STOP!" that was the cry of a festive Maria. But "Our Boys" STOPPED for nothing or nobody.

2. THE ONLY MISHAP (to "Our Boys") unfortunately occurred when Alexandry was grabbing the coker nuts, and then his Blue Eye bossed just a few.

3. "(H)EAR! (H)EAR!" (from Higgins). The result of firing with a "bossed ranger" was, that the Proprietor got one in the ear-hole from Alexandry.

"PITY A POOR PIRATE."

A FEW extracts from the rules and regulations in force on board a pirate ship in the "good old days" may interest any young gentleman who has not quite made up his mind how, when he becomes a pirate chief, he shall keep his crew in order:—

"Every man has an equal share of the fresh provisions or strong liquors at any time seized. Every man shall be called fairly, and, above his proper share of the prizes, be allowed a change of clothes. Any man who defrauds the company to the value of a dollar in plate, jewels or money will be marooned. If the robbery is by a messmate, the thief shall have his ears and nose slit, and be set ashore at the first place the ship touches at. Any man who brings a woman to sea disguised, shall be put to death."

There were many punishments in use among these brava-does, some very barbarous, among these one called "sweating," which is thus described:—"They stuck up lighted candles round the mizenmast, and within the circle brought the prisoner. Outside the circle the pirates stood armed with forks, penknives, etc., and the prisoner, driven round, was pricked as he passed, the fiddlers meanwhile playing a jig tune, until the poor wretch fell fainting to the ground."

Among the pirates of old who made themselves most notorious, may be quoted "Captain" Avery. Avery was mate on board one of two British vessels of thirty guns and 220 men, engaged in suppressing smuggling, and he planned

with others of the crews to turn pirates on the Indian coast. The captain of the vessel to which Avery belonged, having got drunk overnight, had turned in and gone fast asleep, as had also those not in the conspiracy, and the mutineers, having secured the hatches, softly weighed anchor and put to sea. When the captain rang his bell, Avery answered it, and said, "Don't be frightened, but get up and put on your clothes. I am now the captain of this ship, and this is my cabin, so you must walk out. I am bound for Madagascar, to make my own fortune, and that of all the brave fellows who have joined with me. If you have a mind to make one of us, and turn sober and attend to business, perhaps some day I may make you one of my lieutenants. If not, there's a boat, and you shall be set on shore." The captain, who was in a terrible fright, caught to this latter offer, as did six of the crew, but the rest stayed with Avery.

Before long they fell in with two sloops, also in the hands of pirates, and they, joining in the expedition, gave chase, near the Arabian coast, to what proved to be one of the Great Mogul's own ships, with one of the Great Mogul's own daughters on board, carrying rich offerings to the shrine of Mahomet, her attendants having with them a large number of vases of gold and silver and an immense sum of money to pay expenses. All this spoil having been fairly divided, a question arose as to where it could be safely stored, and Avery, inviting the officers from the two sloops on board his own ship to hold a conference, suggested that the best thing to do was to let him have it in his keeping. This being agreed to, and deposited on board in three large chests, he and his crew slipped away in the darkness, leaving the victims to curse their own stupidity.

The lucky ones having reshared the spoil (Avery, however, managing to get about ten times more than his proper share), they agreed to land in America and settle down as independent gentlemen. Avery, meanwhile, came to England, and at his native place in Devonshire revealed his secret to a friend of his youth, whose advice he asked respecting the disposal of his enormous treasure, consisting of diamonds, about which he dare not negotiate himself. The friend kindly found him two merchants at Bristol, of strict integrity, who took charge of the precious stones, and advanced him a small sum for present necessities. When, however, he asked for more, they threatened to give him in custody, and a few weeks later, reduced to utter beggary, our "hero" fell sick and died, not worth the price of a coffin.

"I say, Billiam," said Alexandry, "he don't seem to have pulled it off, does he?"

"Well, no, said Billiam; "but then the chaps in the sloops, directly he left them, captured another vessel, and shared three thousand a man."

"What did they do, then?" asked Alexandry.

They settled at Madagascar, replied Billiam, "along of the savages, and got married, and set up as kings, and killed and eat one another, and in twenty-five years' time there were only eleven of the old originals uncooked, and they had worn all their clothes out, and wore wild beasts' skins, and their beards had grown down to where their boots would have begun if they hadn't worn their boots and stockings out years and years before. The chief monarch had been a jolly young waterman, who had committed a murder in London and run away, and the rest common sailors, and none of them could either read or write. What say ye, Alexandry, to a life of reckless daring on the trackless deep?"

"I'll think it over," said Alexandry; "I feel, just now, rather more like tea and slices, and I see Evelyn a-bringing in a pint o' winkles in a paper bag."

(Next week "Sassinger.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*. Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course.

"TELESCOPE" (H.M.S. "Colossus").—Sorry you were disappointed in not seeing the Eminent: his duties are so multifarious that he was unable to be present.—W. A. SINCLAIR (Manchester).—Of course you are not satisfied with our decision, simply because you didn't gain the prize.—LADY L. CRAWFORD (Wigtown, Scotland).—How can you be so cruel as to ask ALLY for a lock of his hair? You must know that his locks bolted long ago.—C. L. (Greenwich).—The painting you send of the Eminent is not good enough for "The Relics."—BOB (Twickenham).—All that ALLY knows about the purse trick is, that his has a trick of being empty.—W. A. H. (Edgware Road).—Your lines are very poor. If you desired an answer by post, you should have sent stamped, addressed envelope.—P. O. SCHOLEY (Leyton, E.).—Your piteous appeal for the "Award of Merit" made us weep, for, alas! we cannot give you one. Why don't you compete in our "Prize Competitions"? Your lines are not bad, though not quite up to our standard.—BOXER (Ipswich).—If you want a wife, advertise in "Tootsie's Matrimonial Agency."—A. E. KEMP.—No room for your verses.—VERITAS.—The umbrella to hand, which might be useful if we never had any rain.—J. CROSEY (Sandland Street).—Your "ideas" are declined with thanks.—G. SHEPHERD (Stockwell Green, S.W.).—No room for your verses.—TOOTSIE, &c.—Thanks, we have placed it in the "Museum."—MORAL (Liverpool).—We are much obliged for the antiquated pip, which is now with the world-famed "Relics."—BEANS.—Ticket received with thanks.—ROARING SAMMY.—Roar away, though we're afraid you'll make your throat raw with so much roaring.

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Addressing all Competitions to

"MISS TOTTIE GOODENOUGH,"

THE "SLOPERIES,"

99 SHOE LANE, LONDON, E.C.

*. The List will close this day, SATURDAY, APRIL 9TH, 1887.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

THERE is no particular wonder that Oxford and Cambridge pull so well, for from time immemorial both a bridge and a ford have been celebrated for getting over or through the water.

Young Sharpshins (looking up from his home lessons). I say, ma, it's very wrong of the fishmongers to sell eels by weight.

Ma. Why, my dear?

Y. S. Because they can't weigh fish without scales.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 184.—The "Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle" Costume.



BLOOD MONEY.

Mr. Twaddle prefers gracefully shelling out to his molester than to receive the touch of gentle persuasion upon his milk-sop, putty face.

THE RAMPANT, RAGING RANTER.

"I'm General Gooch! Walk up, walk up, and see the Shining Sisters of Shamus Salutus and 'Appy Annie of the Dustbin!"



"OUR MR. IRONICAL," TO PUFFER, M.A.

"My dear boy, you can put away your books and other things into some secret closet, for 'we'—that is, 'Our Proprietor,' you know—holds the power of sweeping all other trashy knowledge into oblivion. So buy and read up 'ALLY SLOPER.'"



HAILING FROM JERUSALEM.

A pretty Jew maid
Upon my breast laid
Her head, you know.
Alack and heyday,
My purse flew away!
Oh, where, Ji no?
(D'you know? See?)



"S'HELP ME SHUMPING MOSHES!"

"Ven I vos vant to zee ze young lady home from ze Aquarium, she say to me, while she did put her fingers to her nose, 'She haf a bit o' pork, and she sticks it on a fork, and she gives it to a Jew boy Jew.' Now vat did she mean by zat?"

WE often hear and read about the jealousy existing among actors, and here is an exemplification. Even when they take one another's part it's only in play, and if an acquaintance gaggled on the stage he wouldn't think of interfering with him for a moment.

Brown (pointing out languid masquer). That's young Lord Fitznoodle! He's always bent on pleasure. Sharpshins. H'm! I suppose that is why he stoops so much.

As all the world is aware, the truly eminent proprietor of this invaluable periodical has always exhibited a great interest in the liquor trade and the causes which encourage it. Last week he instituted a commission consisting of Mr. McGooseley, who is a host in himself, to inquire into the matter and report thereon, and the following is supposed to be the report:—

"Why are you drinking, my pretty maid?"
"Because I am merry, sir," she said.
"And you, too, young sir, why do you drink?"
"B'cause I am sad, and don't wish to think."
"And why do you quaff the purple wine?"
"B'cause I've just met an old pal of mine."
"Why do you drink those bumpers of rum?"
"B'cause I've just quitted a dear old chum."

Frequenter of Bar to McGooseley—

"We've answer'd your questions. Now, please say why do you drink all night and all day?"
"My reason is neither griefs nor joys: I drink so because I like it, dear boys."

Mrs. Penhecker. Now, then, P., I do wish you'd move! I want to sweep out this room.

P. (desirous of trying the power of sarcasm upon his much-better half). I suppose, Mrs. P., that you mean you wish to sweep out the dirt!

Mrs. P. (going for him with the broom). I'll soon show you what I mean.

[But P. thought it better not to trouble her—so he cleared out.]

"Got the price of a pot, Bill?" said one loafer to another a few days ago. "No, that I ain't, Tom," was the reply. "I'm stone broke. I ain't got a mag. My pocket's clean empty. I ain't even got a hole in it."

SCENE—Smoking-room of a Club. Two men conversing. Two other strangers listening to conversation.

First Man. Yes, I made a calculation the other day, and I found that last year I made £1,500 by murders, £2,000 by burglaries, £500 by arson, £3,000 by frauds, and £3,000 by miscellaneous crimes, such as pocket-picking, &c.

First Listener (horror-struck). Gracious heavens! Did you hear that? Let us get a policeman at once.

Second Listener. Sit still, man. That is—the great criminal barrister.

A BAD dinner sometimes produces a good joke. The other day at the club a friend observed that the previous evening he had dined with Stingman. "What sort of spread did he give you?" we inquired. "Oh, execrable!" was the reply. "The meat was warmed, and the plates were not."

City Missionary (thinking to point a moral). Now, McGooseley, just look at that wretched man over the way. He was a well-to-do tradesman, and now he's a beggar, and all through drink.

McGooseley. He's better off now than he wash.

C. M. How so?

McG. Why, my dear f'ler, when he wash all right he hadn't a rag to hish back, and now he's got loth.

LIKE dew unto a thirsty flower

When burning 'neath a summer sky

Comes to the heart in sorrow's hour

The soothing balm of Scotch whisky.

A WELL-KNOWN West-end butcher recently received a complaint from a lady customer that she had discovered one of his men, while calling for orders, in the act of kissing the cook. "Is this true, Joe?" inquired the master. "Oh, yes, sir," answered the man with a sigh, "it's true enough, and there's such a lot of 'em want kissing on my round, that it worries me nearly to death." "What the dickens do you mean?" asked the astonished butcher. "Why, you'd jolly soon lose the custom if I didn't kiss 'em all," explained Joe. "They will have it, and if I didn't do it they'd get a butcher whose young man would."

Husband (with a little of the old romance). I was thinking just now, dear, as I looked at you, of the old happy days when we were courting, how beautiful you were, and how quickly the hours slipped away in your sweet society, when we used—

Wife (matter-of-fact). Can't you talk sense, George?

Husband (gulping down a sigh). Oh, yes, my dear, but I didn't wish to take a mean advantage of you.

HERE is a conundrum which is all right in type, but which loses its point directly it is read to any one. Why are the University boats' crews like any one quarrelling with a man and his wife?—Because they row with the tide (tied).

SCENE—A Bower of Beauty, alias a Young Lady's Bedchamber.

Gladys. Oh, Florry dear, why don't you persuade your Charles to cut off his beard? He would look so much better without it.

Florry. I have said all I can, dear. I am sure I've always set my face against it—

Gladys. Ah, perhaps that is why he wears it!

A SPECULATOR was about to purchase some land a few years ago in one of the Fiji Islands, and before settling up he inquired as to the vendor's title. "Title, title!" repeated the noble savage. "Me no sabby what you mean." When the matter was explained to him, he observed, "Ah, me sabby now, you wantee know 'bout last man live here. He bad man; we quarrel; I killee him and eattee him up, so me got good title, eh?"

"SIGH not, old friend, for though your trouble's deep,
Bear it like a man. Do not vainly weep,
For though 'tis hard to lose what most we love,
Your babe was young; be sure he's gone above."

"My thanks, young friend, your sympathy is sweet
When one's in grief, a true friend is a treat.
I mourn not that my child has lost his life,
But that cruel fate has left behind my wife."

WHY is a coal mine like an ordinary locomotive engine?—Because it's steaming with coal. (Because it's teeming with coal.)

De Tomkyns. I say, Smith, do you know Johnson? he lives down your way somewhere.

Smith. Oh yes; he lives in the next house to me.

De T. Oh, really? Ah, now I think of it, the party who mentioned him said he was next door to a fool, and—

The lurid flames are gathering in Smith's eyes, and De T. thinks discretion the better part of valour and slopes.

"I SAY, Sparrowgrass," exclaimed Brown the other day, "you are awfully like Lord Tennyson." "My dear fellow, do you really think so?" cried Sparrowgrass, delightedly; "what will you have to drink? All right—and, now, where do you see the resemblance?" "Why, you wear an Inverness cape and a felt hat," replied Brown, "and smoke clean clay pipes."

And thus is aspiring genius sat upon!

TOOTSIE EVERYWHERE.

"WHAT'S in a name?" asks the poet. Why, everything, of course. How stupid poets are! There has never been, and never will be, and only is now at the present moment, one TOOTSIE!



Swings generally make Poor Pa poorly.

Lotties, and Dotties, I allow, have existed more or less for some time past, and may more or less languish on; but Tootsies—no. "After me," as the French gentleman put it, "the deluge"—to which I will add, chaos and earthquakes mixed.

For example, what chance of success do you think would have any entertainment unless I gave it my good word? I have asked a whole lot of managers the question, and to a man they have said, "NONE," and thereon I have remarked, "I

should think not, indeed!" and withered them with a glance. I should have liked, were it possible, to have given you a description of the entertainments that you may yourselves desire to be present at on Bank Holiday. As, however, this number of Poor Pa's paper will be published four days before that day arrives, and I am writing this a fortnight before that, owing to the awful number of the usands of copies that the poor worked-to-death printer people have to produce, you cannot in fairness expect it. I will, therefore, only do the next best thing, and tell you what three, for instance, of the most popular resorts are like.

To begin with the Albert Palace is, as you may have already learnt by the medium of advertisement, very easily to be got at. Without advertisement, but by rail, bus, or tram you can get there in less than no time, and if you mention my name whilst you buy your ticket I am sure everybody will be very pleased to see you. There is to be there a grand show, and plenty of fun both inside and outside the building. Swings and roundabouts, of course

(I love swings, but they generally make Poor Pa poorly), and I certainly remember on one occasion when Willie, a sea-faring young man (the Albert Palace is close to the water), and I—But I won't speak of the past and passed-by—now we never speak when we pass by now—which perhaps is as well, as we might not have much that would be pleasant to talk about. The Westminster Aquarium will be another very popular resort, I am sure. The only complaint I have ever heard made about the Aquarium was that there were not enough fish. You can get plenty of fish at the dinner upstairs in the balcony, and a very good dinner it is, and, after all, a silly uncooked fish in a tank becomes rather monotonous when you have stared at it half-an-hour or so. Of course there are other and cheaper refreshments, including the nutritious, if somewhat stodgy, chocolate, of which Emile would insist on my partaking the other day, when that wretched Snatcher, who somehow had managed to creep past the barrier, shook his trowser leg and finally upset the awful stuff all over my dress.

There will, of course, be lots to see at the Aquarium, and hear, too, including lady fiddlers, and Jules Levy tootle-tooting on the cornet, as my friend Jolly Nash expresses it. The music halls are always in great force on Bank Holiday, and the Royal always one of the most attractive; and if you go to see, you will in all probability find me there in great state, in a private



Tootsie at the "Royal."

Box with Charley and Jack, who made me half promise to dine with them at the Holborn and see the entertainment afterwards. Really, to wear and tear of a dramatic critic's life no one could believe to had not experienced it. Sometimes I almost wish I were a body knows who in happy, if humble, obscurity. The wild vortex public life is very trying.

EACH WEEK'S COMPETITION COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again." ALEXANDRY.

TWENTY SILVER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH. Guaranteed to keep perfect time.

With this week's "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," TWENTY "SLOPER" WATCHES will be given away to Purchasers of the Paper only.

Each watch will have engraved upon it a faithful likeness of A. SLOPER, Esq., Friend of Man. Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:—

THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," April 9th, 1887.

Name _____
Address _____
Age _____
Occupation, if any _____
How many times applied _____
How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday" _____

The results of each week's Competition will be published in "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY." The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, April 13th, 1887. The Result of the Competition of April 2nd, 1887, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for April 16th, 1887.

* * Specimen "SLOPER" WATCHES are on view at "The Sloperies."

35th WEEK. RESULT OF MARCH 26th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded "SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. DOT HENDERSON, Actress, Marylebone Theatre. Age, 27 years. Subscriber—2 years, 6 months. LONDON.
2. LOUIS HERMAN RADCLIFFE, Schoolboy, 129, High Holborn. Age, 11 years. Subscriber—since commencement. LONDON.
3. NORMAN MACLAGAN, Young Gentleman, 9, Cadogan Place. Age, 13 years. Subscriber—always. LONDON.
4. GEORGE GARRATT, Baker, Bridge Street. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—2 years, 3 months. HITCHIN.
5. CHARLES McBETH, Bandmaster, Glenbuck. Age, 33 years. Subscriber 2 years, 9 months. DOUGLAS.
6. ALEXANDER D. HADDEN, Boy, Victoria Street. Age, 14 years. Subscriber—about 1 year. FRASERBURGH.
7. EDITH EMILY GOUGH, Schoolgirl, Red Lion Hotel. Age, 12 years. Subscriber—over 3 months. KNIGHTON.
8. WILLIAM PEREGRINE, Grocer, High Street. Age 28 years. Subscriber—8 months. NARBERTH.
9. JAMES A. GILBERT, Gardener, The Nursery. Age, 46 years. Subscriber—from the first. HERNE BAY.
10. ROBERT WHITE, Bricklayer, Pitt Cottage. Age, 39 years. Subscriber—1 year, 9 months. HURSTPIERPOINT.
11. WILLIAM BILLINGTON, Cashier, Ravenhead Hall. Age, 36 years. Subscriber—over 2 years. ST. HELENS.
12. FRANK FRANCIS, Shoeing-smith, Wyatt Road. Age, 35 years. Subscriber—20 months. STAINES.
13. THOMAS SHAW, Joiner and Builder, 6 South Street. Age, 42 years. Subscriber—since June 13th, 1885. EGREMONT.
14. LIONEL SILLS DALY, Boy, Ivy House. Age, 14 years. Subscriber—2 years, 3 months. HEMEL HEMPSTEAD.
15. CAROLINE CLARK, Machinist, 2 Church Street. Age, 18 years. Subscriber—21 months, 3 weeks. SEAFORD.
16. THOMAS JAMES ANDERS, Boatswain, W.D.Y. Katharine, Royal Arsenal. Age, 46 years. Subscriber—from commencement. WOOLWICH.
17. WILLIAM TALBOT, Cooper, Hedging Lane. Age, 17 years. Subscriber—1 year, 10 months. SHEPTON MALLET.
18. WALTER PORTER, Musician, High Street. Age, 27 years. Subscriber—since July, 1885. KINGSTON.
19. FRANK COUCHMAN, Tailor, High Street. Age, 21 years. Subscriber—16 weeks regular, irregular before. CRANBROOK.
20. J. DAY, Railway Clerk, 3, Myrtle Cottages, William Street. Age—30 years. Subscriber—1 year, 3 months. SLOUGH.

ST. LUBBOCK'S SPOONS.

THEY walk in beauty, side by side—
Belindar Hann and 'Arry,
And think with mingled love and pride
How much they'd like to marry.
For 'Arry is a nice young man,
Who'll never, never change ill;
And as for his Belindar Hann,
She is a wingless hangel.
St. Lubbock's festival to them
Brings joy without remission;
Who can their guileless glee condemn,
Though H-less their condition?
Oh! if all days were like this now,
And banks would never open,
Between these spoons the wedding vow
Would very soon be spoken.
In peace their halycon days would pass,
And never voice of anger
Between that laddie and that lass
Would cause domestic clangour;
For 'Arry never could be rought.
He's superfinely human,
And of his Hann 'tis praise enough
To say she's his young woman.

SMALL GAME NOT NEEDED.

AN aggressive lady of Greenwich, who has been over 110 times convicted of various offences, was sentenced recently to thirty days' imprisonment for having once more committed a breach of the peace. On hearing her sentence she threw a dead song-thrush, in a very game condition, at the Bailie, saying, "Take that, 'beak'!" The magistrate declined her present without thanks, and gave her thirty days extra for having offered it to him in such an uncouth way. Had the missile been a pheasant or a partridge, he might have viewed her conduct in a different light.

ON THE TOWPATH.

"ONE of the finest sights in England. The real national sport." But what is it after all? A crowd of loafers. A crowd of half-drunken people.

A number of "Varsity" men (?) who have had champagne breakfasts (green-horns' champagne, paid for at fifteen shillings a bottle). A number of middle-aged men trying to make believe that they really enjoy what they used to howl at years ago with delight. A number of well-dressed girls, who are nearly crying with vexation at having taken out their best toilets to show off at such a sorry sight. Thimble-riggers, pickpockets, three-card-trick men, well-shers, niggers, young fools and old fools, the ubiquitous ALLY SLOPER Family and satellites, busy dispensing the good things prepared for the public by the Friend of Man. All these make up Boat Race day.



"He don't seem to think so."

Young Edward has had two years of it at Oxford. He is perfectly sodden with "tick." He affects to be a swell. He has the manners of a "vet," and the look of an ostler in his Sunday clothes, with the high-bred tone of a solicitor's apprentice.

"Dear Edward," says his mamma at breakfast, "he is such a dear, good boy, and I'm sure is so enjoying his holiday."

"Dear Edward," says his pretty sister Mary, "I suppose the other boys made him go up to town. He would sooner be down here, wouldn't he, Nellie?"

Nellie is a very pretty little cousin that Edward is half engaged to (awaiting father's approval—father has a lot of coin; Edward next to none).

"I am sure," says the little creature very prettily, "that Edward is very good wherever he is."

"Yes," says sister Mary; "the poor boy only goes because the other fellows bring pressure to bear upon him, declaring that every right-thinking person must attend the Boat Race. You may depend on it he would not go of his own inclination. There is a greater attraction here, isn't there, dear?" looking slyly at her cousin. "He don't seem to think so, at any rate," responded Nellie, blushing, and coyly hanging her head.

Edward has gone up to town the night before the race. Edward has done everything that is to be done. Edward has woke up in morning with a

Dear Edward is laughing.

"head" on him, a palsied hand, red eyes, and burning ears. "And Smithers is going to call for me and drive me down with some people. He said theatrical people. Never met any theatrical ladies before, I wonder what they are like? I'll just have a pint bottle of 'bang'."

The indifferent champagne of gooseberry brand makes him reflect.

"Last night was a 'roarer,' but how it does pay one out afterwards! It's hardly worth the candle, however. I'll get the fellows to try 'Golden Gaff' when I return. Who would have thought that the patrician 'cham' blends so seductively with the plebeian porter! Ah, well, it's luck that Uncle Jack seems to think me alright, and as I marry Nellie everything will be squared for me. He'll pull a long face at the 'kite,' though, and the wine and all that. If I weren't to marry Nellie, my George, what a look-out it would be!"

The waggonee holds good Edward, Mr. Smithers, and the theatrical contingent—all ladies! Dear Edward is laughing and talking, and whispering to a theatrical lady. There is a tap on his shoulder. Someone has climbed upon the wheel. It is his uncle! "You young blackguard!—never come near me again!"

At half-past twelve at night a half-drunken or half-dazed man staggered into a low coffee-house. "I want a bed," he is shown up into a wretched room. The door is closed after him. "What's that?" The people in the street outside stop and listen. But it is all still enough.

It is only young Edward who has blown his brains out. So much for our Boat Race day.



I want a bed."



THE RORTY ONES AT HAMPSTEAD ON EASTER MONDAY.



ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN.—Dedicated to the Ancient Order of Foresters, by A. SLOPER, T.W.M.



A TALE IN ITSELF.—"My dear fellow, I haven't got it!"



OLD FRIENDS MEET ONCE AGAIN.

"Look 'ere, Iky, I ain't proud, but I'm 'successful'; so I 'don't know you now.' Understand?"

PICKHEAD AT THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT DOVER.



1. DEAR SL. PER,—Hearing that you proposed to send down no less than a couple of gross of artists to make sketches for the unique paper that bears your name, I bethought me I would save you that trouble (expense I know is nothing to you) by going myself. So equipped accordingly.



2. I will not tire you with particulars of my journey down the day before the fight; suffice it to say that I found Dover so full I was forced to put up with a shake-down on two chairs, which might have been more pleasant for all parties had they not parted company in the dead o' night.



3. Rising therefore betimes, and being aware that I had an arduous day's work before me, I went for an invigorating blow on the front before breakfast; and then, having quaffed a stirrup-cup from the hands of one of Dover's brightest diamonds (I afterwards ascertained she came down from London for the occasion, as an extra hand), I started for the front.



4. This, you will understand, is a general view of the engagement, as seen from an admirable point of vantage I had the good fortune to secure.



5. Presently, getting accustomed to the rattle of musketry and booming of big guns (at a distance), I resolved to penetrate into the very thick of the engagement, and somehow got mixed up in the smoke, when suddenly I encountered a most formidable piece of ordnance. Knowing you could ill spare your Pickhead, and not wishing to put you to the expense of mourning,



6. I fled from the jaws of death, and came rather precipitately to the point, or rather points, of the bayonets of a regiment of brave fellows who were amusing themselves with a charge at that particular moment.

had that day; suffice it to say that when the fight had been lost and won, and not till then, did I leave the field of carnage, and eventually found myself safe again at Victoria Station, where, with your permission, I will "break off"!



7. I will not harass your nerves, neither will I curdle your gentle blood, with an account of the narrow escapes I had that day; suffice it to say that when the fight had been lost and won, and not till then, did I leave the field of carnage, and eventually found myself safe again at Victoria Station, where, with your permission, I will "break off"!



DARING DEEDS ON EASTER MONDAY!

Volunteer Officer (to Friend who has been looking on). Victory is ours. The enemy were nowhere! Friend. Then that's why you gained the day, ain't it?



TAKING THINGS COMFORTABLY.

And who shall blame the old cock for doing so? After having worked hard for many years, ALLY says he has earned repose, like which he himself hopes to enjoy some day.



OOF, ZE TRAITOR-R-R!

Poor old Pickhead got shopped up in Paris lately for taking sketches of France for "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."



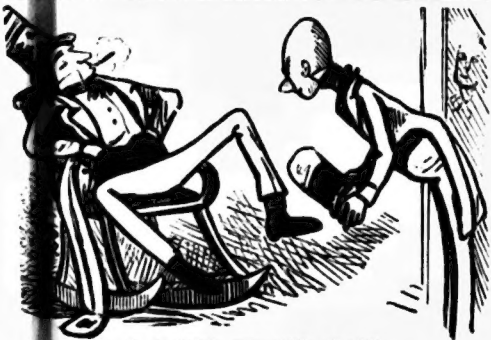
OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Ladies and Gentlemen, your weekly repast must be savoured with some peppery sandwiches this time, because—For once, at least, the "brutal show" Got justly punished, so—bravo!—A "Bishop" "mowed" among the press At Birmingham's rough game at "chess":—The Koming K felt nice and sweet While Krown Princess played in the street:—Mark time! Quick march! Hullo! what's this? It's coming on to rain! D-i-s-m-i-s-s!!! Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake Cried, "Sit down, for goodness sake!"—Oh! sad it is such fetid hounds Stain poor Old Ireland's emerald grounds!—The murderess Berry's properties Were shown for sale. Improper 'tis.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



A FRIEND OF TOTTIE GOODENOUGH'S.
Who is to take part in the Volunteer Review at Dover.

Our General Servant
Her Easter Monday



ALLY SLOPER TO SAM SLICK.
"It's easy, dear boy, while you can, for I intend licking ye at your own game of tall-stretchers and black-faced lies."

ALLY-CAMPANE.

SPRING dawns upon us with its hood of glorious sunlight, and with it waltzes in, with all its rollicking jollity, our first annual Bank Holiday—Easter Monday. The more touch with the pen and ink to last year's "go-to-meeting" tale, and 'Arry is once more ready for the fray on the romping plains of 'Appy 'Ampstead. What would England be without its 'Arry and its 'Ampstead? Nearly as bad as ALLY without his Unsweetened.



"GOOSELEY feels that he must congratulate although the name is a awful one, the village of His-ip-shib, near Hankow, China. For a long time the villagers have been pestered by beggars. Fresh contingents of these undesirable rascals appeared at intervals of but short duration. Their numbers alarmed the thrifty His-ip-shibians, and the elders of the village took counsel together, and determined that some drastic measures must, if necessary, be adopted to rid the district of its unwelcome guests, none of whom seemed to take any notice of the strongest hint that their presence was not wanted. The head man courteously invited three hundred of the worst tramps to partake of a banquet in the temple of the place. About midnight, says McGooseley, when the lusty rogues were full up to the bung, and fast asleep in their gluttonous condition, the villagers set fire to the temple, and burnt the blooming lot of 'em to ashes. Oh, gosh!

THE Prince of Nosegays, or Gay Noses, understands that an interesting contest took place at Chester Music Hall, recently, between eight representatives of the Birmingham Athletic Club and eight of the Liverpool Gymnasium, in connection with the competition promoted by the National Physical Recreation Society. The Duke of Westminster addressed the gathering, and said that no doubt they would expect him to follow the example of the gentlemen who had just preceded him in a boxing display, but he was quite incapable of anything in that way. The last occasion on which he had the pleasure of a little amusement of that sort was about forty-five years ago, when his illustrious opponent was none other than the present Earl of Derby, whose nose he had the pleasure of cracking.

TOOTSIE hears we may expect this year a more than usually interesting show at the Royal Academy, of which Sir Frederick Leighton is the worthy head. If, however, we are to see works of art nobly inspired, there must be no ridiculous prudery—which is the very opposite of true purity—as regards depicting the glory of the perfect human form. There must be no keeping back the just triumphs of youthful genius, no new names swamped by established reputations, thus causing a vast amount of ill feeling, and putting an end to real art. The British Matron is advised to keep away, as a chucker-out has been engaged especially for her.

THE Hon'ble Billy hopes that the victory of the Cambridge crew the other Saturday will do something to kill the old practice of training men on beefsteaks only, till they almost loathe their food. Mr. Bristowe kept the Cambridge crew to the ordinary diet of healthy men, allowed fish, entrées, puddings, and dessert for dinner; anything, in fact, that men in reason wanted, and the result was that the crew were in first-rate condition, and thoroughly enjoyed their meals. Our tricky young Cantab, the Hon'ble Billy, entirely agrees in Bristowe's theory, though he draws a line at cabinet puddings and the like, only allowing milk ones. The old training system was got from ignorant watermen, and under it crews in long training would strip livid from the excess of carbon in the men's organic system.

THE Sloperian Showman fears that the Laureate's Jubilee Ode will sadly disappoint all his admirers. It has a certain rhetorical neatness, no doubt; but it cannot be regarded as adequate to the occasion. The poet has chosen, for the most part, very prosaic rhythms, and the Ode, trite and even common in ideas, is not even endowed with occasional felicities of expression. On the contrary, it is sometimes positively unlucky in its phraseology, as when the world is most unnecessarily assured that Her Majesty has about her—

"Nothing of the lawless, of the Despot,
Nothing of the vulgar, or vain-glorious."

How about the toadies and dish-lickers who always cringe, squat, and smirk their oily personages round about the seat of Royalty?

THE horse which at Birmingham, during the Queen's visit, with a rather grim sense of humour, threw a mounted policeman right in front of the royal carriage, acted with disrespect to the procession. The representative of the law, however, was equal to the occasion. He apparently felt that, although he hit the roadway rather hard, he bore no malice against the thoroughfare, and rising as gracefully as his feet as was possible in his accoutrements, he walked smilingly away amid the plaudits of the crowd.

AUNT GEESER says the men forming the crews of the captured slave dhows have been sentenced to five years' imprisonment and fifty lashes each. The flogging was publicly administered on parade. The native residents kept aloof during the proceedings; but the black troops appeared to be pleased with the punishment of the slave-dealers. Auntie thinks that a good moral effect ought to accrue from the public whipping of the crew.

TOOTSIE hears from a young lady friend, who knows a thing or two, that, from a social point of view, the professional musician is, with few exceptions, a failure. He rarely can talk, save about "shop," and, if he be a singer, he is afraid to smoke. And young ladies say that he is seldom a good dancer. Moreover he is not an altogether desirable candidate for matrimony. A musician's wife soon discovers a hatred of music. After her marriage she very rarely goes to the concerts to which duty calls her husband—unless, indeed, she has real or fancied reason to be jealous.

ALLY has been given to understand that in the suit by the Hon. Anne White against the Hon. Robert White, of Castletown, Berhaven, son of the late Earl of Bantry, for a restitution of conjugal rights, Judge Warren, in Dublin, recently, granted alimony pending the hearing. The respondent, who is advanced in life, was married to the petitioner at the registrar's office at Killarney, and has about £2,000 a year from the Bantry estate. The petitioner's letter to her husband was read, stating that she was in a condition of semi-starvation, and though she might have no claim upon his affection, she had on his resources; but when she called at his hotel, his menials spurned her like a dog.

BILL HIGGINS hears that two officers of the Welsh Regiment went out quail-shooting one Sunday morning near the Pyramids, and took so little care of what they were about that they "slightly wounded four men who were riding past on camels." The injured natives naturally demanded satisfaction, and one of them, trying to seize the officer's gun, was—of course accidentally—shot dead for his pains. Thereupon the villagers turned out in force and arrested the officers, who had first wounded four of their compatriots, and then shot one of them dead. The officers resisted arrest, and, as a consequence, were subjected to "much indignity and severe maltreatment." That is to say, they were overpowered, tied with ropes, and left prisoners in the middle of the village, where they were found by the police.

PICKHEAD says war is likely to be jolly sport in the future. A new mitrailleuse has been invented which can be carried comfortably upon a man's back. It discharges the pretty total of one thousand bullets in a minute and a half. As no human being and no regiment could possibly stand a withering storm of bullets such as this, the line of battle in the future will consist of only two men. The first soldier will carry this sharp-shooter upon his back, and when the enemy comes in sight, he will go down on all fours, and then his comrade behind him will turn a handle, and the deadly concert will begin.

O'FLANNAGAN writes to say that George Spiers, who stated that he was from Liverpool, was brought up at the Limerick police-court the other day for swindling under novel circumstances. He called at the houses of some local merchants, represented that a gas explosion had just taken place, and asked for clothes for a wounded member of the family. He obtained clothing in this way at several houses, and subsequently pawned the articles. Among the persons called on was the manager of the gas works, and this visit led to the arrest of the thieving son 'a spalpeen!

THE Dook Snook's German sausage cousin, Herr Falbe, has again been compiling an earthquake list. Disturbances are to be expected, the learned *savant* believes, until nearly Christmas. The September and October dates are the most important and dangerous in the matter of seismic shocks. So far, the Dook says, he can quite understand the Austrian earthquake prophet, but when he remarks that nervous people need not be alarmed, because the trouble may limit itself to high winds and heavy rains, our mental capacity gives way. An earthquake which could be a high wind or a heavy rain, and not an earthquake at all, completely beats the famous series of creatures mentioned in the dialogue between young Hamlet and old Polonius.

If Mrs. Brown-Potter, the new *débutante* at the Haymarket Theatre, can only be persuaded to play the first three acts of *Man and Wife* as quietly and effectively as she does the last, she will make the play still more interesting, and—what is more to the purpose—turn public attention to herself. In that case we shall be prepared to hear—what is perfectly true, but has not been very generally acknowledged—that she has decided promise. Mr. E. S. Willard, as Geoffrey Delamayne, acts splendidly, and is most certainly one of the successes of the piece.

At the Comedy Theatre, Manchester, on the night of Thursday, March 17th, Miss Nellie L'Estrange, F.O.S. (the Boy Blue of the pantomime), was the recipient of a magnificent basket of rare and beautiful flowers, to which was fastened by blue ribbons, elaborately embroidered with the initials of the fair *artiste*, a lovely hand-painted card, bearing the following inscription:—"With love and best wishes to Miss L'Estrange, from the ladies of the chorus, Comedy Theatre, Manchester, March 17th, 1887." This marked also the occasion of Miss L'Estrange's very successful benefit.

THE grandest idea of A. SLOPER's life has, the Eminent regrets to say, collapsed. He had thought that the enormous public he appeals to would have been sufficiently large to have sent in sufficient subscriptions to build "The Sloper Lifeboat." When he informs his readers that 10s. is the total amount received up to date, it will be seen that the balance will probably be some time coming. Therefore, he has decided to add £1 to the 10s. already received, and send the £11 as a contribution to the National Lifeboat Institution from some readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 16TH, 1887.

10th April, 1886.—On the evening of this Saturday, the "Cock" Tavern, No. 201, Fleet Street, closed its doors for ever after an interval of nearly 300 years. It was a 17th century house, standing, in some odd way, behind the houses of Fleet Street, and approached by a wainscoted passage of great length, running straight through the houses. Above the Fleet Street end of this passage stood the carved golden cock, attributed to Grinling Gibbons. The "Cock" Tavern has been immortalised by Tennyson. Pepps, in his "Diary," mentions bringing hither Mrs. Knipp, an actress, of whom his wife was particularly jealous; and here the gay couple "drank, eat a lobster, and sang, and mighty merry till almost mid-night." On his way home to Seething Lane, the amorous navy office clerk with difficulty avoided two thieves with clubs, who met him at the entrance into the ruins of the Great Fire, near St. Dunstan's. These dangerous meetings with Mrs. Knipp went on till one night Mrs. Pepps came to his bedside and threatened to pinch him with the red-hot tongs!

10th April, 1865.—"Tattersall's" was this day removed from the old familiar spot at St. George's Corner, Hyde Park, to the new premises at Knightsbridge Green.

11th April, 1758.—On this day a temporary wooden bridge, built over the Thames while repairs to old London Bridge were going on, was destroyed by fire. It was supposed some footman in passing dropped his link among the woodwork. There are several old proverbs about London Bridge still extant. Two of these—"If London Bridge had fewer eyes it would see better," and "London Bridge was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under," pointing to the danger of the old water-passage.

11th April, 1851.—Robert Hales, the Norfolk giant, was this day introduced to her Majesty the Queen, Prince Albert, and six of the royal children at Buckingham Palace. Hales was a cheerful and well-informed man, and had none of the unwieldiness for which persons of high stature are sometimes remarkable.

11th April, 1512.—Gaston de Foix, the famous French warrior, was slain this Easter Day, after prodigious feats of valour, at the battle of Ravenna. He was a most enthusiastic sportsman, keeping no fewer than 1,600 dogs.

11th April, 1766.—About one hundred convicts left Newgate this day for the American colonies. They passed along with music playing before them. Newgate—that is to say, the City gate—was used as a prison at a very early period. It was taken down and rebuilt at the expense of Sir Richard Whittington in 1423.

12th April, 1669.—Pepps appears to have been mightily pleased with demoralising exhibitions of fighting. In his Diary of this date, he writes: "By water to the Bear Garden. Here we saw a prize fight between a soldier and a country fellow, one Warrell, who promised the least in his looks, and performed the most of valour in his boldness and evenness of mind, and smiles in all he did, that ever I saw, and we were all both deceived and infinitely taken with him. He did soundly beat the soldier, and cut him over the head. Thence back to Whitehall, mightily pleased with this sight, and particularly with this fellow, as a most extraordinary man for his temper and evenness in fighting. Home, and after sitting a while thrumming upon my vial, and singing, I to bed, and left my wife to do something to a waistcoat and petticoat she is to wear to-morrow."

12th April, 1851.—A review of 25,000 troops took place this day in Paris, before the British officers. The first standing army maintained in France was under Charles VII. in 1445.

13th April, 1846.—The railway was this day opened between London and Ramsgate. Before the era of railways and steam packets, the favourite conveyance to Ramsgate and Margate was the *Hoy*, a small vessel, usually rigged as a sloop. Hoyes were employed in carrying passengers and goods for short distances on various parts of the coast. They acquired their name from stopping when hailed from the shore to take up goods or passengers. In Holland the Hoy has two masts; in England, but one, where the mainsail is sometimes extended by a boom, and sometimes without it. In the naval service there are *gun-hoys*, *powder-hoys*, *provision-hoys*, and *anchor-hoys*, all rigged sloop fashion.

13th April, 1843.—An explosion occurred this day at Waltham Powder Mills, when nearly the whole of the works were destroyed, there being over 2,000 lbs. in each of the two departments blown up. Seven lives were lost.

14th April, 1685.—Indigence, with its concomitants, sorrow and despondency, this day brought to his grave, in the 34th year of his age, that eminent English dramatic writer, Thomas Otway. Kindred spirits, pitying, shall relate poor Otway's sorrows and lament his fate! It is said, indeed, that in the rage of hunger, going eagerly to devour a roll which charity had bestowed, this unfortunate poet was choked with the first mouthful, at an obscure house in the Minories, London. His *Orphan* and *Venue Preserved* tragedies contain some of the finest specimens of impassioned poetry to be found in our language.

14th April, 1360.—In *Stow's Chronicle* we read that, "On this day and the morrow after Easter Day, King Edward III. with his host, lay before the city of Paris; which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horse-backs with the cold. Wherefore unto this day it hath been called the *Black Monday*." By schoolboys, the first Monday after the holidays is also called *Black Monday*.

15th April, 1755.—Dr. Johnson this day published his great national work, "The English Dictionary." When the doctor had quite completed this work, which had quite exhausted the patience of Mr. Andrew Millar, his bookseller, the latter acknowledged the receipt of the last sheet in the following note:—"Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the 'Dictionary,' and thanks God he has done with him." To this rude note the doctor returned the following smart answer:—"Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find (as he does by his note) that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything."

15th April, 1840.—Captain Thomas Drummond, Under-Secretary for Ireland, and inventor of the Drummond, or limelight, died this day at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin. To him is attributed the maxim that "Property has its duties as well as its rights."

15th April, 1840.—Five footmen, in the service of noblemen in London, were this day charged at Queen's Square with assaulting, and threatening a servant in Earl Galloway's employment, because he would not conform to the rules of the footmen's club by paying his "footing" for the use of the room set apart for them at the House of Lords. They were fined 10s. each.

16th April, 1621.—The proceedings of the House of Commons states that on this day Sir William Stroud moved that he "would have tobacco banished wholly out of the kingdom, and that it may not be brought in from any part, nor used amongst us," and Sir Grey Palmer said, "that if tobacco be not banished it will overthrow 100,000 men in England, for now it is so common that he hath seen ploughmen take it as they are at plough." Tobacco was first brought to England by Sir John Hawkins, but Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake are also mentioned as having first introduced it. Humboldt says, that tobacco is the ancient Indian name of the pipe through which the hero was smoked. Columbus gave the name Tobago to the island, where, to his astonishment, he saw the natives smoking.

16th April, 1851.—The ship *Puckatan*, from Havre for New York, having on board 311 emigrants, this day went ashore in a gale on Long Beach, near Egg Harbour, and was totally wrecked. No single passenger was saved.

16th April, 1850.—The French (11th regiment) on the march to A'iers, whither they were being sent for taking part in a democratic demonstration, this day lost 252 men, by the breaking down of the wire suspension bridge over the Loire, at Angers.

THE SONG OF A BANK CLERK.

I'm free to confess it,
Of all the saints blessed
Who sport in the calendar, Lubbock for me!
St. Lubbock, whose glory
Will shine through all story
For setting bank-clerks from captivity free.

Oh! what a jolly day
Is the Bank Holiday!
Oh! how delightful in freedom to bask!
That question which saddens me,
Sickens and maddens me,
"Ow will you 'ave it?" to-day I won't ask.

In junketing glorious,
In frolic uproarious,
In dancing or singing some comical lay,
In all sorts of revelry,
High jinks and devilry,
That's 'ow I'll 'ave it myself this whole day.

All "checks" on my funning
I'll honour by running;
Oh! let me be off in a boat or balloon.
At work I won't grovel,
I'll throw up my shovel;
By Jingo I think I'll jump over the moon!



THE LODGING-HOUSE HOUSEMAID.

It is one of the duties of the lodging-house housemaid to "clean" your boots. This she does by plastering them thickly with blacking, and utterly ignoring the necessary "polishing" brush. The lodging-house housemaid does this because she knows directly you essay to put on those boots your recently-washed hands will be blackened with her "cleaning." This is one of the lodging-house housemaid's jokes.

It is not the slightest use ringing the bell for a lodging-house housemaid. The motto of the lodging-house housemaid is this:—"The more he rings, the more I don't answer." There was once a bold but foolish male person who told a lodging-house housemaid that she didn't know how to make a bed. The end of that bold but foolish person is shrouded in a terrible mystery. This is all I can tell you at present. Perhaps it is enough.

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man is now giving Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish "what the Applicant is in want of," and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT,

"The Slopries,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," April 9th, 1887.

Name

Address

Want*

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

10th WEEK.

RESULT OF MARCH 26th COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS,"

1. MARION STOKES, Salisbury Arms Hotel, HODDESDON.

A BANJC.

2. ROBERT SPALDING, 22 Twyford Street, Caledonian Road, LONDON.

A CATS'-MEAT BARROW.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address is enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Address—TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, 18 years of age, of prepossessing appearance, accomplished, and possessing a good yearly income, is desirous of contracting a matrimonial alliance with a gentleman of good social position. He must be good looking, good tempered, and fond of home. One requiring a gentle, loving, and affectionate wife, will find in advertiser a most desirable partner. Communications will be treated with strict secrecy. Address, with photo, if possible, to "TOOTSIE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 23, fair complexion, medium height, with a comfortable income, wishes to correspond with a dark young lady, aged 18 to 20, with a view to matrimony. She must be of a prepossessing appearance, and a loving and amiable disposition. No letters answered, unless accompanied by photo. Address—"SOLICITOR," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 22, refined, amiable, and domesticated, wishes to meet with a gentleman, with a view to matrimony; in good health, and earning about £50 a year. For the man of her choice she would make home truly happy, and furnish small house. Only those with honourable intentions need reply, in confidence, to "MAY C.," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

WANTED by a SERGEANT in the Royal Artillery, aged 25, good looking, fair, fond of music and home, expecting a commission shortly, to correspond with a young lady, aged about 23. Must be tall and dark. Money no object, as applicant has sufficient and to spare. Address—"SERGEANT," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, clever, accomplished, tall, fair, 20 years of age, good saddle rider, considered very handsome, would like to correspond with a gentleman, under 30 years of age. Good position, musical tastes, etc. The lady is possessed of private means. Photos exchanged. Address—"CARRIE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Slopries," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* NOTE.—Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the above advertisements. Advertisements already received, which do not appear above, will appear as soon as space admits.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

"It has come to the knowledge of A. SLOPER, Esq., M.P., that there are those who doubt the genuineness of the Letters published from numerous celebrities acknowledging the receipt of his 'AWARD OF MERIT.' A. SLOPER, Esq., T.W.M., wishes to assure his patrons that every letter that has been published under the title of 'THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX' is bona fide, and a Prize of £100 and the 'AWARD OF MERIT' itself will be given to anyone who can prove the contrary.

33 BELGRAVE SQUARE, March 26th, 1887.
Sir John Lubbock begs to acknowledge the receipt of the "Certificate," which has arrived safely, and for which he is much obliged.

CITY OF LONDON PUBLISHING COMPANY, 5 FRIAR STREET, BROADWAY, E.C., March 26th, 1887.

UBIQUITOUS ONE.—You are "quite too utterly all but" for awarding me the "Order of Merit." As a Publisher—not a Publisher—I accept the dignity with, I trust, becoming serenity, conscious that as "a firm Sloperite" I shall never cast discredit upon the distinguished Order.

The handsome Certificate of Award you were good enough to send me now adorns my Ancestral Hall, and will be handed down as a heirloom, that posterity may read, mark, and learn how the truly wonderful Friend of Man knew how to discriminate and reward the remarkable virtues of his humble admirer.

It will not surprise you, or your countless myriads of white, black, yellow, and copper-coloured readers all over the globe, to know that my friends Gladstone and Salisbury, and my acquaintances of lesser note, are all frightfully envious of the high honour you have so deservedly conferred upon

Yours ever, for ever and ever,

WILLIAM J. MORGAN, F.O.S.

5 UPPER HAMILTON TERRACE, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W., March 26th, 1887.

Mr. Santley begs to acknowledge receipt, with thanks, of the Diploma from his friend ALLY SLOPER.

LONDON, March 26th, 1887.

DEAR MISTER SLOPER.—I haf had twice der meesels und a cooble dimes der croup, but I don't dink I haf effer had any ding vich I like me so mudge like der pigdure you haf yooost send me. I vood always veer it next on my heart, but my vest is so small, so for der present, I vill hang id on der ceiling. Oxcoose any misdakes, as I am 2 mutch overcame with der sight of der "Award of Merit" (I meen merit).

I am, Sloper, 2 mutch yours,
DUTCH DALY.

10 CANTLOWES ROAD, CAMDEN SQUARE, N.W., March 27th 1887.

MY BELOVED SLOPER.—I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of the much coveted "Award of Merit," which is exhibited in my hall, and has astonished my children and friends, who (hopelessly) thirst for similar distinction. I have the medalled belt for boxing; some cups for sculling, and presentation foils for fencing; also I receive substantial fees for "plays of all description," but above all these trophies, I prize the Sloperian tribute to such merit as I possess. I never knew I was so distinguished till now. It will be the hatchment over my house when I join you in what you will enjoy so well, "the world of spirits." Thankfully yours,

ROBERT REECE, F.O.S., M.A., OXON.

P.S.—Observe that I put my University title second to yours. Can't you come round to the "Cheshire Cheese" on Saturday, just to discuss—well—things. I'll pay!

ROYAL MARLBOROUGH THEATRE, March 27th, 1887.

DEAR MR. SLOPER.—It was quite two awfully sweet of you to bestow on me your celebrated "Order of Merit." You will be ever gratefully remembered by, yours faithfully,

HARRIET GASCOIGNE, F.O.S.

COURT THEATRE, SLOANE SQUARE, March 28th, 1887.

Miss Norreys wishes to thank Mr. ALLY SLOPER for the honour which he has conferred upon her by sending her his "Award of Merit."

LONDON PAVILION, PICCADILLY, Mar. h 28th, 1887.

Herr Winkelmeier, Giant, begs to inform ALLY SLOPER, Esq., that he accepted the "Sloper Award of Merit" with great pleasure. Unhappily an indisposition prevented him till now to acknowledge and to thank you for it.

FR. WINKELMEIER, F.O.S.

MANCHESTER, March 29th, 1887.
MR. HEYWOOD begs to acknowledge the receipt of your "Award of Merit," which he proposes to display in a prominent position.

ALLY SLOPER, Esq.

J. HEYWOOD.

F.O.S.

The Eminent has this day conferred his

AWARD OF MERIT

upon the following Ladies and Gentlemen, the qualifications being stated beneath each name:—

RUTLAND BARRINGTON,
Because he's Riddigore's Bad Baronet.

CHARLES COBURN,
Because of his "Two Lovely Black Eyes."

JOHN COOKE, JUD,
Because he composed A. SLOPER'S "Christmas Carol."

VANE FEATHERSTONE,
Because of a Feather (stone) flock together.

JULIA GWYNNE,
Because "Julia is beautiful, Julia is fair."

WALTER HOWARD,
Because he's the Crack Banjoist.

SIR T. MARTINEAU (Mayor of Birmingham),
Because the other day he was made a KNIGHT.

MULVEY OUSLI,
Because he impers nated A. SLOPER at Asley's Theatre.

MRS. BROWN POTTER,
Because ALLY says "Her beauty Potter'd me at the Haymarket."

MADAME MARIE SCHIEPE,
Because Schi's) Pek-ul-tarily suited to her duties.

FRANCIS THORBURN,
Because he felt Mrs. Berry's "Bumps."

MRS. BEERBOHM TREE,
Because she plays Lady Betty Noel.

"THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

£1:1:0 and the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" has been presented to

HENRY JOHNSON, 4 Urania Cottages, Whitstable-on-Sea.

for a
Keg of WHITSTABLE NATIVE OYSTERS,

sent as the
Best Birthday Present to A. SLOPER, Esq.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

A POOR washerwoman says that while there's life there's soap. Let's soap so, lather.

CRUELTY.—A well-to-do Deal fisherman, on his daughter's wedding-day, lately, gave her a smack.

TO HEROES.—If you are afraid you may scream when your tooth is being drawn, you should hold your jaw.

A HONEYMOON IN HIGHLOW TERRACE.

(Commenced in No. 124.)

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

It says, "Why, there are heaps of omnibuses. I take one, and start with an outlay of fourpence. If this sort of thing goes on, it will rather cut into the profits."

When I reached Tower Hill, I found, by all that is provoking, I have left a half-sovereign I had got in the pocket of my office waistcoat. I have only a shilling with me, and if I spend it all I shall have to walk home.

This is horribly absurd, and I don't like to be overcome by trifles. Certainly, the walk to Highlow Terrace is not a trifle, for it is about six miles.

However, I won't be daunted, and enter the Store. The question is, what can I get for a shilling that is any use to me?

Ah! a box of sardines! I consult my price list. Tenpence! I take the change, and a penny boat from London Bridge to Charing Cross, where I mean to call on a fellow who lives near the bank, and borrow my omnibus fare of him.

On the way I make a calculation: sardines, tenpence; price at ordinary shop, one-and-threepence. Deduct omnibus fare, fourpence, and penny boat. So far, anyhow, I'm not out of pocket.

I find my friend at tea, and ask him, in a joking way, for the loan of a shilling. He gives it me, but says:

"You're in no hurry: have a cup with me. What's that parcel you've got? Sardines, by Jove! Well, that is lucky!"

I don't exactly see how I can refuse to give him some, after he has lent me the shilling. Besides, the things only cost tenpence. We open them, and my friend eats two-thirds of the box with much relish.

It is not unnatural, perhaps, that Rose Anna should be a little out of temper, seeing how I have kept the dinner waiting. I think it best not to allude to the sardines, but ascribe the delay to the tyranny of Couter and Phlimsey.

The worst of it is, I don't feel very hungry, and the meal (a pie of Rose Anna's own making) is difficult to swallow.

When dinner is done I tell Rose Anna I have got a surprise for her, and produce the price list. She evidently has fancied I had brought her home a present, and does not half enter into the point of the thing when I explain what it is.

I say, enthusiastically, "Look here, we can live on half the money we do! I've joined a Society where everything is to be had at half price. For instance, what do you give for nutmegs?"

She doesn't know; so I try moist sugar and the best loaf. She is also vague upon these points. Somehow the "Provident Clerks' Friendly Co-operative and Self-Assisting" isn't cre-

ting half the effect it ought to do.

"Anyhow," I say, somewhat indignantly, "I know everything's as cheap as dirt, and so you'll find when you compare the prices with the tradesmen's bills."

To add force to my statement, I also observe, "You talked of a new silk dress, didn't you? Well, to-morrow I will take you to a place where you can get one with fifty per cent. knocked off."

Rose Anna seems not thoroughly to understand about the per centage, but her mind grasps the other part of my statement, and she kisses me, and calls me an angel, and puts extra milk and sugar in my tea.

I get a half-holiday next day from Couter and Phlimsey's and we take a cab and go down to the warehouse mentioned in the Provident Clerks' circular.

It is a huge building in a by-lane in the City and we are jostled by porters carrying bales of goods as we enter. There seems to be a great deal doing, and what is done appears to be on a gigantic scale. While we are waiting a man in front of us appears to be buying several miles of black velvet as coolly as I would buy a penny bun.

We wait a good bit, to tell the truth, and the warehousemen don't seem much impressed by us. Presently, however, I attract the attention of one of them, and ask to look at some black silks. He says, "This way," and, taking us to a counter, hangs down several tons in front of us. He evidently thinks we want a waggon-load, and I begin to grow nervous.

I therefore produce the little ticket I bought for my five shillings, and explain that I am a Provident Friendly. "Oh," he says, as

though he had found out that instead of wanting to buy something, I had come in to sell matches.

Then he puts his hands in his pockets and calls to another warehouseman.

"Co-Op," he says, and the other responds, "All right, Osses S," which extraordinary remark, a knowing friend tells me, is the slang for "last season's goods."

(To be continued next week.)

We are jostled.

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Easter Monday is composed of many ingredients, and in general becomes slightly mixed up.



OUR FIGHTING EDITOR.
"Your 'beautiful effusions, sublimely blended,' are declined 'with thanks.' And our bloodhound is in the next office, so—"



HE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.—Selah!

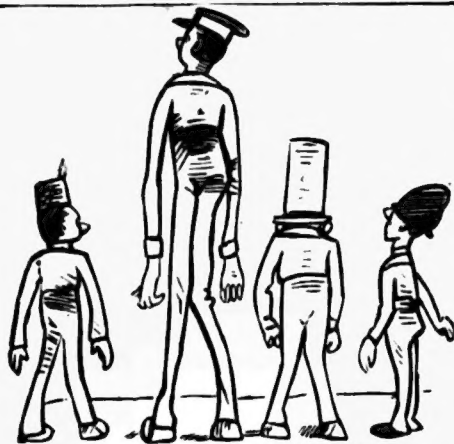


FOUR LOVELY BLUE EYES.

These charming and fetching costumes, designed by Tootsie, and made of light and dark blue textures, were worn by two of the Fr. v. girls at the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. Oh, I say!



EVERYDAY FACES.
Which one sees in the vicinity of Bow Street, Clerkenwell, Millbank, Holloway, Newgate, and other homes of beauty.



THE ARISTOCRATIC SCHOOLBOY.
It dreamt that at school it stood high in its class, when really it used to stand last.

AN APRIL SHOWER SOME FORTY YEARS AGO.



2. "I wonder who that is behind the tree."



4. It was solemnized in the village church, and the villagers attended.



1. It was coming on to rain, and she took shelter under a tree. Presently a footstep was heard.



2. It was so lucky he had an umbrella, even after the rain left off.



5. "Confound your impudence!" he exclaimed, twelve years later; "it was all your doing."

WELL CURRANTS DO I LOOK SPICY



ONE A PENNY, TWO A PENNY—
But where the "hot" comes in Alex- andry and Bill Higgins have as yet failed to discover.



A DAY WITH THE HOUNDS, AND BRICKS, BATS, AND PIECES.

"That madcap O'Lary made a furious charge over a pile of stones and rubbish, which raised the wind, and numbers of bumps and bruises upon our sun-scorched faces. Confound him!"—Extract from Uncle Boffin's Diary.

BANK HOLIDAYING ON THE THAMES.



1. Watkins takes a boat a mile the other side of Greenwich. He gets it cheaper there.



2. Then he pulls away. "Now, then, look out! Where air you a-coming to?"